

Some Radical Surgery

Hopes for a stronger voice in Sacramento for the residents of the state's 10th largest city appear to be less than bright in view of the radical surgery done on Torrance in the reapportionment.

Political district-boundary lines traditionally are drawn to achieve the greatest benefit for the "ins" who are doing the drawing, and a quick glance at the new district lines which slice up Torrance gives one a picture of skillful application of the tradition.

The new 32nd state senate district begins near El Segundo, meanders crazily through Torrance, skirts the east end of the Palos Verdes Peninsula and takes in all of the Los Angeles and Long Beach harbors including Rainbow Pier.

Downtown Torrance, and all of south and west Torrance are included in the new 25th Senate District along with Venice, Zuma Beach and Malibu.

Splitting the city between two districts doesn't necessarily mean that Torrance will have two voices in Sacramento's upper house. It will could mean that Torrance will have little or no voice—something to which the citizens are becoming accustomed.

The lines for the new Assembly Districts do little more than slice the city up like a Sunday pie. The 67th district which centers in Gardena now includes all of the north Torrance area, and the civic center area. That seat is up for grabs with several Gardena political leaders heading for the starting line.

Incumbent Vincent Thomas of the 68th District has given up a large part of Torrance which he formerly represented, the area being divided between the 67th District and the 46th, represented by incumbent Charles E. Chapel. Chapel's sprawling 46th District stretches from Venice to San Pedro, and includes El Segundo, the three South Bay cities, the Peninsula, and a generous chunk of Torrance.

There again, the demands of the district are so widely diverse that any of the three Assemblymen will find it difficult to wage this city's battles in Sacramento. We think Torrance deserves better.

The Mote and the Beam

When the Federal Communications Commission announced some time ago that it was planning an extensive investigation of American Telegraph and Telephone Company's rates, costs and earnings, the ensuing price slide of AT&T stock so shook the usually imperious FCC that it hastened to assure shareholders that its probe is not a "prejudgement" nor an implication of a "determination to require change in AT&T's earnings"; just a check on the accuracy of the FCC's rate yardstick.

That helped the stock some, but left a great many people, including probably most of Ma Bell's 2,800,000 stockholders, still wondering what it was all about. Telephone services remain one of the real bargains for the consumer (consider the \$1 coast-to-coast rates). AT&T is an enormous source of revenue for state and local governments, and for its multi-million stockholders.

What worries many people is that the FCC investigation might take the same convoluted course of the Federal Power Commission's probe into the New York City blackout. That power failure originated in a Canadian government-owned power system, expanded through government-owned power lines of New York State, and hit the New York City privately owned utilities system too fast to be diverted.

The Federal Power Commission's solution? More governmental control of power.

Before any federal agency starts looking for motives in other people's eyes, it might well consider the biblical admonition to first consider the beam in its own eye. If any communication service is in need of overhauling because of high costs, waste and inefficiency it is the U. S. Post Office Department. A probe of this "service" wouldn't shake the stock market, though. But it would rally the enthusiastic support of the people.

FALSE FRONT ON THE HOME FRONT



The Back Door Was Unguarded



STAN DELAPLANE

Shannon Good Place for Night Stop on Way Home

SHANNON, IRELAND—If you have a day and a night enroute home from Europe, stop off here for the candlelit medieval dinner at Bunnary Castle. Sightseeing County Clare in the morning and a couple of hours to shop the free airport before your plane goes on to New York.

The whole package including hotel room is \$20. Your airline will rewrite your ticket whether they have a flight in here or not. And planes from Shannon to New York usually have few passengers. More leg room for you.

These are capital cities. You wear the same clothes you'd wear in New York. Khakis in the countryside but not in town.

"I am a girl student of 19 and would like to know about summer school in Mexico."

Mexicana Airlines (offices in all major U.S. cities) has a list they'll send free. University of Arizona has a good summer school at Quadajajara. You could write them.

"Where do I find out about moose hunting in Canada?"

Write the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada. There people are so obliging they'll probably arrange for the moose to meet you halfway.

"We are undecided whether to travel by car or train for our three weeks in England . . ."

Make it by car, by all means, England and Ireland are the wonderful

Well, you can't in these cities. You need confirmed reservations. And to do this: Make your reservation for a few days longer than you think you're going to stay. They don't mind if you check out early—even happy to see you go. But if you ask to stay a few days OVER your reserved time—it's out, Jack, out!

Morning Report:

Let's not be too rough on General de Gaulle. All he wants is for America to take her soldiers and airplanes out of France. We are allies — on paper — but he doesn't need any allies as of this moment. Because as of now, he isn't fighting — only talking with Hanoi, Moscow, and Peking.

After all, in World War I, France didn't need us either until the Germans reached the Marne river for the second time. And in World War II, France didn't need us until the Germans had rolled through Paris and reached Cherbourg on the Atlantic coast. We may have been late both times, but we finally made it.

All of us hope we never have to make a third trip — for our sakes, as well as his.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

He's Right Not to Trust Them; They Walked Out!

LOYAL PATIENT: Princess Barbara Hutton is sore at me for writing that her S.F. physician, Dr. Gunther Nashelsky, "looks a little like Allen Sherman and is just as amusing." From high in the sky at the Fairmont, she snaps: "You can call me a rich-bitch or a nut — I don't care — but don't you dare make fun of the finest doctor I ever met. And I know what I'm talking about. I've been sick since 1946 and I've met every doctor in the world." The Princess is accepted as an expert witness. "And I want you to say something NICE about him," she commands. Okay. He doesn't look like Allen Sherman and he isn't as amusing.

PUTTING on my miner's cap, the one with the little light on the front, I ventured into the subterranean world of the hungry I to find out why Barry McGuire gets \$6,500 a week. His crowd is said not to trust anybody over 30. I don't trust anybody under 30 who makes so much more than I do.

Mr. McGuire, who is not too far from 30 himself (and not too far from a millionaire), is a rock'n roll singer, as who isn't these days. I don't know what he's spending all that money on, but it isn't wardrobe. He was wearing a red turtle-necked sweater (do turtles wear people-necked sweaters?) and soiled hip-broader jeans. With his broad shoulders and truck-

driver arms, he looks like a middle linebacker with long blonde hair.

I don't mean to imply that Mr. McGuire doesn't work hard for his kingly income. He sang and sang—everything from "Hang On, Sloop" to his greatest hit, "Eve of Destruction" — at the top of his lungs, and

San Francisco

with impressive sincerity. He perspired buckets and expended enough energy to light a small town for a week. With his nice construction worker's face, you have to like him, despite his rather spastic gestures and all that money.

Unfortunately, he is accompanied by a quartet of epicene young men who play badly even by the loose standards of rock'n roll. He pays them out of his \$6,500 a week, but not too much, I imagine. By the way, a lot of people over 30 in the audience walked out during his show. He's right not to trust them.

NEWSWEEK'S "scoop"

that Gov. Brown asked LBJ to get Eloyd Hand (the State Dept. protocol chief) out of the race for Lt. Gov. here draws a loud denial from the Guvnor: "I couldn't care less one way or the other. I'm taking no part in any of these side campaigns. When I endorsed Cranston against Salinger, I learned my lesson. I'm not a kingmaker!" Actress Joan Fontaine and Al Wright, a star of the

Sports Illustrated staff, have agreed, most amicably, to a trial separation . . . On the other hand, the tale that Sing will wed Actor Jeffrey Hunter (with whom she has been co-starring in Hong Kong) is, shall we say, premature: for one thing, he isn't divorced yet, right? . . . Actors, actors: Now we have Hugh O'Brian appearing on Gypsy Rose Lee's TV'er in his role of Nat'l Crusade Chairman for the American Cancer Society—one the one hand, warning people to get checkups, and on the other hand, chain-smoking throughout the program.

NOTES OF A NAME-DROPPER: Sen. Tom Kuchel goes under the knife soon; his gall bladder is crying for surgery. . . . Awright, you nudgers, so I'll tell you: the JFK crack that Double-day is concerned about—in Pierre Salinger's forthcoming book, "With Kennedy"—occurred shortly after Dick Nixon announced he would run for Gov. against Pat Brown. "I killed the" Kennedy said to Pat, "Now you bury him." . . . Peter Duchin, a smash at the GOP ball in Oakland, may bring his band into the Mark Hopkins Lochinvar Room later this year—no reason being that he owes a favor to the Mark's boss, Pierre Butlinck. When Pierre was running the St. Regis in N'York, he gave Peter his first break and the breaks have been breaking big ever since.

ROYCE BRIER

Red Chinese Strongholds Defect; Peking Isolated

Fifteen years ago it was fashionable to view with alarm the addition of China's millions to the communist camp. It was assumed they would soon join with the Russians to give the non-communist world a bad time.

The Russians at first gave Red China technical aid, and there was a front of ideological solidarity, but long before 1960 the two nations became alienated rivals for leadership. There was also a brutal rivalry for land, the Chinese coveting vast areas in central Asia, not to mention Siberia.

This schism moved as slowly as a glacier, and as inevitably, in the so-called liberation of Africa in the 1950s, Peking gratuitously moved in to compete with the Soviet Union for influence, and they even man-

aged a European foothold in hillbilly Albania. Absurd as the Albanian liaison was, it offered a kite-flying base for Peking intent.

Anyway, it seemed that wherever the Soviet Union had ambitions, the Chinese butted in like a beatnik at a black-tie cocktail bash. They

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preached total revolution, claimed themselves the sole vehicle of pure Marxism, and began accusing the Russians of phony Marxism; even charging they were secretly in cahoots with the American "imperialists."

This sounded silly in the West, but possibly not everywhere. In Moscow it wasn't silly, but an outrage, and the two nations drifted into open hostility.

American meddling in

Viet Nam only aggravated this hostility, as Moscow and Peking battled for the Vietnamese mind. Yet China gave off the appearance of winning roundabout, and the Soviets the appearance of losing. An absurdity comparable to Albania was a Chinese attempt to steal Cuba.

About this time Western viewers with alarm began to see Red China as a world shadow and potential leader of universal revolution.

Yet this ascendancy now appears to have been illusory. First, the Red Chinese bungled their infiltrations in black Africa, and they got nowhere in Egypt. Their Algerian front crumbled. They had a pipeline in Romania and it was clogged. They were not prepared for a real thrust in northern India, and the Soviet Union moved in as a sort of co-guarantor with the Americans, of Indian territory. Even Pakistan proved unreliable, and let the Russians mediate its quarrel with India.

But the greatest blow was in Indonesia, where a murky army revolt collapsed Red China's influence and hope. To add insult to injury, Fidel Castro suddenly denounced Red China as no better than the "imperialists."

All Red China's world strongholds, seeming so ominous ten years ago, are lost. The Peking regime stands isolated, diplomatically and politically. Its agents are no longer welcome anywhere. But many Americans, slow to perceive historical change, think Red China is still on the way up, as menacing as ever.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Woman's Curiosity Puts Face on Faceless China

If a Western woman suddenly found herself in a Communist Chinese city, what about a hair-dresser? In Canton, the hairdressing salon is combined with a barber shop. But very clean, like everything in China these days; efficient, very much in the European style. Wash and set: 40 cents U.S. There are no beggars in Chinese streets anymore; prostitution is out. The "in sports" there are "conquering" mountain peaks, swimming in rough seas and turbulent rivers.

The fingernails of children are clean; legs straight, hair glossy. No evidence of malnutrition. There is a ferocious, almost primeval energy (chiefly propagandistic) in the Chinese theater. Bureaucracy is rampant, housing only fair. A curious fact of economic life is that one-fifth of one's earnings go for rent while one-fourth is spent on food.

Because of the Kafkaesque structure of the modern political world (in this age of communication), some 700 million Chinese

remain a faceless menace. Actually, they are plain people, human beings like everyone else, not mere statistics, and in the mass far better fed, housed, educated and medicated than they were before the so-called "liberation" of 1949. But Americans rarely hear about the Chinese as people, bureaucracy being rampant.

Books

That's what makes Lisa Hobbs' "I Saw Red China" such an engaging and revealing book. In spite of the Floyd Gibbons-like title, this is about people, schools, medicine, market places, transportation, mortality, and the economy of a vast Communist empire. Mrs. Hobbs, an Australian national, is the San Francisco journalist who "misrepresented" herself last spring to join a group of Australian tourists on a three-week package tour of six Chinese cities, including Peking.

She discovered on "news" stories in the headline sense. What started as a journalistic caper emerges,

in this book, as an intelligent woman's enthusiasm, awe, and occasional pique in regard to this new society. She does not deal in politics, although everything in China is political. Her concern is with people and how they live. She is as shocked at grisly anti-American propaganda in the theaters as, for example, she is filled with affection for mothers and children.

One suspects her tour was the result of a woman's curiosity, rather than primarily a journalist's. She writes with perception, charm and dignity, stripped of all propaganda, pro- or anti-Maoist regime.

The result is one of the most satisfactory travel books I have read in some time. This, no doubt, is because Mrs. Hobbs deals with what, to Americans, is officially forbidden territory. But there it is. And, as she told her translator: "As long as we don't know you as human beings, we will fear and hate you, and you, it is easy to bomb and burn statistics, but not so easy to kill other human beings."

My Neighbors

